Ambo. Was euer Orphanets had a dearer losse?
Du. Was euer mother had a dearer losse?
Alas, I am the mother of these mones,
Their woes are parceld, mine are generall:
She for Edward weepes, and so do I:
I for a Clarence weepe, so doth not she:
These babes for Clarence weepe, and so do I:
I for an Edward weepe, and so do they.
Alas, you three on me threefold distrest,
Proue all your teares, I am your sorrowes nurse,
And I will pamper it with lamentations. *Enter Gloces with others.*
Gl. Madame haue comfort, all of vs haue cause,
To waile the dimming of our shining starre:
But none can cure their harmes by wailing them.
Madame my mother, I do crie you mercie,
I did not see your Grace, humbly on my knee
I craue your blessing.
Du. God blesse thee, and put meekenes in thy mind,
Loue, charitie, obedience, and true dutie.
Glo. Amen, and make me die a good olde man.
Thats the butt end of my mothers blessing:
I maruell why her Grace did leaue it out?
Buck. You cloudy princes, and hart-sorrowing peeres,
That beare this mutuall heauie load of moane,
Now cheare each other, in each others loue:
Though wee haue spent our haruest for this King,
We are to reape the haruest of his sonne:
The broken rancour of your high swolne hearts,
But lately splinted, knit, and ioynde together,
Must greatly be preseru'd, cherisht, and kept.
Me seemeth good that with some little traine,
Forthwith from Ludlow the yong Prince be fetcht
Hither to London, to be crownd our King.
Glo. Then be it so, and go we to determine,
Who they shall be that straight shall post to Ludlow.
Madame, and you my mother, will you go,
To giue your censures in this waightie businesse.
Aus. With all our hearts. *Exeunt. man. Glo. Buck.*

Buck. My Lord, who euer iour
For Gods sake let not vs two be b
For by the way I le sort occasion,
As index to the stori e we lately t
To part the Queenes proude kinc
Glo. My other selfe, my counse
My Oracle, my Prophet, my dear
I like a child will go by thy direct
Towards Ludlow then, for we wil
Enter two Citiz
1 *Cit.* Neighbour well met, wh
2 *Cit.* I promise you, I scarcely
1 Heare you the newes abroac
2 I, that the King is dead.
1 Bad newes birlady, seldome c
I feare, I feare, twill proue a troub
3 *Cit.* Good morrow neighbo
Doth this newes hold of good Ki
1 It doth. 3 Then masters look
1 No, no, by Gods grace his sonn
3 Wo to that land thats gouernd
2 In him there is a hope of gouer
That in his nonage, counsell vnde
And in his full and ripened yeares
No doubt shall then, and till then g
1 So stood the state when Har
Was crownd at Paris, but at xi. mo
3 Stood the state so? no good m
For then this land was famously en
With pollitike graue counsell: ther
Had vertuous Vnckles to protect
2 So hath this, both by the fath
3 Better it were they all came b
Or by the father there were none
For emulation now, who shall be n
Which touch vs all too neare, if Go
Oh full of danger is the Duke of G
And the Queenes kindred hautie

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22315) LONDON, 1598 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.46)